

Uprising: The Start of a Civil War

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2005-11-27 03:43:06

Updated: 2005-11-27 03:43:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:15:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,239

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is the Arbiter's point of view of the level Uprising.

Rated T for graphic violence. Rate and review please! The conclusion may need rewritten, and there might be a sequel.

Uprising: The Start of a Civil War

****Uprising: The Start of a Civil War****

"_There is still time to stop the key from turning._" Those words, Gravemind's words, echoed through the Arbiter's mind. That filthy parasite had actually helped him, but most likely for his own personal gain. He learned what exactly Halo was meant for. It wasn't a religious relic. It wasn't the Great Journey he had been told it would be, if it were activated. In fact, the Great Journey meant death for billions.

He had to avenge his fallen brethren. The Brutes murdered them; they took no mercy on his brothers. The Prophet had decommissioned the Elites; put the Brutes in charge of protecting them; and then told the Brutes to kill the Elite counselors.

The Arbiter, the tool of the prophets, was just that. A tool, used for their own personal gain, to do the missions that no one else would dare attempt. He would risk his life, and countless others, to do what these prophets so "wisely" decided. Now they wanted him, or at least they had wanted him, to activate Halo, and start their "Great Journey."

That parasite would spread, unless Halo was activated. The Flood would starve to death, caused by the blast from the sacred ring. Halo destroyed the parasite's food, any living being that was sentient, and it was the only way to be sure the Flood would die, although they survived when Halo was activated over 100,000 years ago.

The enraged Arbiter landed on the ground, gripped his forearm and rubbed it gingerly. He noticed a nearby plasma rifle, picked it up,

and ran forward. He noticed the bodies of his fallen brethren nearby. Their weapons littered the ground near his feet. He shook his head in disgust, leaned down and whispered a little prayer. He looked up and heard a Brute, grunting about something.

Suddenly, it hit him like a brick to the face. The Brutes killed his brethren. Tartarus, the Brute Chieftain, had told him that his race would meet a bloody fate, but the Arbiter didn't realize that it would come to be. Tartarus was ordered by the Prophets to kill the Arbiter, and so he tried.

The Arbiter grinned as best he could and thought, "He _tried_. Now it's my turn." He turned around the rocky corner and noticed a large, apelike creature, holding a red plasma rifle, with his back to the Arbiter.

"Stupid Brute. How dare you kill my brothers!" He angrily thought. The Arbiter ran up behind the bulky Brute and slammed his elbow into his neck, shattering it instantly. A nearby Brute heard the loud crack that issued from the Brute's neck, and came over to investigate. The Brute came into the small alcove, looked down and saw the dead Brute. The Brute saw his dead comrade, threw his Brute plasma rifle onto the ground and began to charge wildly. There wasn't a soul in sight, however. The Brute stood and looked around, but saw nothing. He knew, however, something was nearby; he could smell the sweat of an Elite.

The Arbiter had activated his active camouflage, but the Brute was too dull to know to look for the subtle glare that was cast from it. The Arbiter dashed forward at the confused Brute and jumped hard on his head. He flipped off, fired his plasma rifle into the Brute's head and smashed the rifle into his skull. The Brute gurgled, and didn't get back up. The Elite charged forward, knowing he had more to do.

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>"What's that?" A Grunt wheezed. He heard a gentle hum coming from the cliff ledge above. The Grunt stood on his stubby legs and waved his Needler back and forth, looking for a target. He nudged his friend, who was curled into a ball sleeping.<p><p>

"Huh, what?" The Grunt awoke with a start. He stood

"Do you hear that?"

"Hear what, Harad?"

"That!" Harad exclaimed. "It sounds like a Phantom. Oh no, it could be Brutes!"

"Brutes!" the Grunt trembled as he fumbled with his Needler. "Should we hide?"

"What do you think, Rapay? Of course we hide!"

The pair of Grunts ran through a shallow pond and hid behind a group of large, mossy rocks, waiting for what they expected were Brutes.

* * *

>The Elite, after clubbing several more Brutes over the head, ran up a small, smooth, and rocky path. A glowing energy sword came out of a doorway, and ran towards the Arbiter. The sword's owner faded into view as he deactivated his camouflage.<p><p>

"Arbiter! It's great to see you. Look at what these Brute's have done. They have killed our brothers, and for that, they must die!" The Spec-Ops Elite exclaimed. Three covenant drop pods, modeled closely off of the human HEV drop pods, crashed into the ground from the sky. "Heh, so much for the stealthy advance. Onward, to the control room!"

The group of four Elites, as well as the Arbiter, ran forward into the hallway and into the large, cavernous room. One of the Elites saw a group of Brutes and shouted, "Long have I waited for this!"

The Elites began their assault on the Brutes.

* * *

>A pair of Phantoms, the Covenant's dropships, hovered into the waterlogged cavern and each dropped a Wraith tank. Each tank could launch a fiery blue ball of plasma, had two side turrets for anything that was stupid enough to get close, and a boost function, for faster movement and ramming. They were called Wraiths because anyone who got close to a enemy controlled Covenant tank was soon departed from their body. Three Brutes came from each Phantom. Two Brutes hopped into the two Wraiths, and the four others went ran up to the temporary base. Harad and Rapay got closer to the mossy boulder, shaking from fear.<p><p>

"I knew it, it was the Brutes!" Harad exclaimed.

"Harad, be quiet! They'll hear us!" Rapay whispered.

As far as the Brutes knew, no one was near by. Two Jackals stood near the edge of the small waterfall, their Particle Beam Rifles at the ready, in case any Elites, Grunts or Hunters showed.

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>The Arbiter dove into the hallway, shoving his energy sword into the Brute in front of him. The pair tumbled on the ground and the Brute struggled to get up.<p><p>

"I'm not going down so easily, you fool." The Brute grunted as he clutched his open wound. The Brute spat blood at the Arbiter, and started rampaging at him.

"You're the fool, Brute." The Arbiter jumped backwards, and the Brute charged into the room where two Elites were perched on an upper ledge. "Now!" The Arbiter exclaimed. The two Elites aimed two plasma rifles each at the rampaging Brute. Streams of white hot plasma raced towards the Brute, bringing his life to a halt. The plasma scorched his chest, and his smoking body fell to the ground, as the two Elites' plasma rifles overheated. The Arbiter ran into the hallway in front of him and waited near a door for the other Elites to catch up.

"What now, Arbiter?" One of the Elites said.

The Arbiter rested his Covenant Carbine rifle on his shoulder and looked at the door in front of him. "My hunch is that there are Brutes waiting for us on the other side of this door. Elites, prepare your weapons, and have a plasma grenade ready."

"Okay, Arbiter." Both Elites said in unison.

The Arbiter held his Carbine at shoulder level and approached the large door. The two parts of the door retracted, slowly at first, and revealed; just as the Arbiter had said, a group of three Brutes and three Jackals.

"Now!" Three plasma grenades lit up in their customary white-blue colors and sailed into the group of traitors. The Brutes and Jackals turned around just in time to have the plasma grenades detonate in their faces. The explosion sent part of a Jackal off the cliff and into the water below.

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>The Brute looked up slightly and sniffed. A nearby Brute looked at him with a strange curiosity, and began sniffing the air as well.<p><p>

"Do you smell that?" The Brute said to his ally.

"Yes, it smells like Grunt. We should hunt them down and eat them, I'm starving."

"Go look, see where they are."

The hungry Brute grunted in agreement. The Brute jumped off of the edge of the platform he was on and into the shallow pond. He looked around, but saw nothing.

"I don't see anything, and I can't smell anything anymore." The hungry Brute shouted.

"Alright. Maybe our minds are playing tricks on us."

"Yeah, maybe." The hungry Brute muttered.

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>The pair of Grunts saw the Brute jump down into the water, and Harad, being somewhat gutsy, and somewhat suicidal, lit up a plasma grenade and threw it onto the Brute. The adhesive properties of the plasma grenade made it stick to the Brute's skin. The Brute did not notice the blue flame coming from the grenade until it was too late. The detonation sent him flying into the wall of the cavern, and his body splashed into the lake below.<p><p>

"Harad, why did you do that? Now the Brutes know we are here!" Rapay exclaimed.

"So what, Rapay, we didn't stand much of a chance anyway. Why not go out with a bang?" Harad suggested. He picked up his needler and tapped Rapay on the arm. "Come on, let's go."

The pair of Grunts ran towards the cliff wall and hid behind a small boulder, surprisingly unnoticed. The Brutes were too busy trying to find out where the plasma grenade came from to notice the Grunts. The pair crept up the rocky path and when they reached the top of it, fired off a volley of needles from each of their needlers. The needles fired from the needler homed into their targets. The pink needles sank into the Brutes tough hide, and finally, when there were enough needles in each Brute, they detonated. The massive pink explosion caused by the needles rocketed each of the remaining Brutes into the air, and they each fell back down to the ground, dead.

The two Jackal snipers aimed for the pair of Grunts, but they fell to the ground, and the Jackals' shots missed. They crawled behind the boulder they had hid behind before and waited for someone to come to save them.

"Harad, we actually killed those Brutes!" The cowardly Grunt exclaimed.

"Rapay, there are still the tanks to deal with, but we don't have the fire power. Those Jackal snipers are pinning us down as well. We'll just have to wait for reinforcements."

"Say, Harad, when did you get so interested in military strategies?"

"I became interested in saving myself from dying."

The cowardly Grunt chuckled, "That's not a bad idea."

* * *

>The Arbiter fired his Particle Beam Rifle into the group of Brutes, shooting off their armored helmets and then delivering headshots to the Brutes; each of whom tumbled to the ground, minus the little brain they had to begin with. The Arbiter continued his Brute killing spree, while eventually running into the occasional Jackal. His Beam Rifle's battery power soon ran dry, and his energy sword's battery was already empty as well. The Arbiter noticed a narrow river and continued down the path next to it. He ran down the hill and rounded a corner as multiple grenades landed where he had just been. A group of four Brutes were chasing him, and with no weapon to use, he was out of options.<p><p>

"I wish I had a weapon," The Arbiter thought, as he jumped over a plasma grenade that landed in front of him. Multiple Brute plasma rifles were fired in his direction, his shields flickered and the red plasma passed by him.

"I had better hurry; Tartarus might activate the ring at any time. If that happens, every conscious, living being in this galaxy will die." The Arbiter muttered to himself.

The Arbiter ran through a group of trees and noticed a nearby Ghost. The Covenant Ghost was a single seat reconnaissance vehicle that had two fixed plasma cannons on the front of it. It had a convenient speed booster that made for some good getaways, but sacrificed use of the turrets when in use. He flopped into the Ghost's seat and quickly hit the throttle. The Arbiter looked back and saw that the Brutes had

disappeared. The Arbiter hit the Ghost's booster, flew down the hill and started to go around a curve in the path. He slammed on the Ghost's airbrakes, somewhat fearful what was ahead. He got out and peered around the corner and saw a group of six Brutes, four blue shielded Jackals, and one Jackal with a Beam rifle, but none of them had seen him, yet.

"Oh no, this isn't good." The Arbiter whispered.

He activated his armor's active camouflage, which made him nearly invisible, and ran as quickly and as silently as he could up to the group of enemies. The water sloshed around his feet as he jumped onto the rock path. He crept up behind a Brute and slammed his elbow into the Brute's neck, silently killing the beast. The Brute's hairy body rolled down into the gentle lapping of the river, and sank to the bottom. The Elite grabbed the fallen Brute's Covenant Carbine and waited for his active camouflage to recharge.

The Elite looked at his newly gotten goods and saw that the Carbine only had 12 shots left in it. "I'll have to make this count." He muttered to himself.

After about ten seconds, the now-armed Elite activated his camouflage and ran up to the top of the hill. He grabbed the Jackal's Beam rifle and clubbed him on the head with it, breaking his skull with a loud crack.

"I heard something, stay alert, Brutes!" A Brute Captain shouted.

The Elite ran around the corner and broke one of the Jackal's neck, and shot the other two with his Carbine, killing them both. The Jackal's shields went out with a humming buzz. The Elite's camouflage ran out and two of the Brutes started firing their Carbines at him. His shields flickered and he ran behind the stationary energy shield. It glowed brighter and hummed loudly as more and more Carbine rounds hit the shield. The shield turned red and shimmered, and then burst and went out. The Elite dashed behind a tree and activated his newly recharged active camouflage. He dashed out, jumped and thumped the Captain Brute over the head, crushing his neck as if it were made of tissue paper. A nearby Brute saw the Captain slump over, dead. He rounded the other Brute, pressed the Carbine into the side of his head and fired. Blue-black blood splattered off of the Elite's shields as the Brute fell over. He ran back to his Ghost and hit the throttle.

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>Tartarus looked at the main screen from the Phantom he was in. He had to hand it to the Forerunners. They certainly did a good job at building the massive ring-world, Halo. Everything, the rivers, the forests and the structures created were magnificent. Massive it was, ten thousand kilometers in diameter and about twenty-two kilometers thick, each of the seven rings must have taken hundreds, even thousands of years to build. He knew he had to protect the rings, even if it meant dying for the Prophet's cause.<p><p>

"The Holy artifact must be activated. The Elites cannot succeed in defeating us. The Great Journey is nigh, and they will be left behind." Tartarus thought.

The Ghost coasted to a stop just before a turn in the river. The Arbiter jumped out and saw two Jackals, both of which saw him immediately. They both fired two light beams from their Beam Rifles, but only one hit the Arbiter. He ran behind the corner he had just come from to let his shields recharge. After they had, he activated his armor's active camouflage, raced out on the rocky path next to the river and slammed the first Jackal in the head, crushing its skull instantly. In a swift movement, he picked up the Beam Rifle, tossed it into the air, caught it as his camouflage wore off and shot the second Jackal in the head. The Arbiter jumped into his Ghost and raced off the short waterfall, landing into a shallow pond. He looked over to the left and saw two Wraiths, when suddenly a flaming ball of blue plasma came rocketing down towards him, flipping his Ghost over. A second blast came down right on top of the Ghost, blowing it to smithereens.

"Whew, that was close," The Arbiter muttered. "Well, two Brute operated Wraiths weren't really what I had wanted to deal with, but I suppose there's no way around it." The Arbiter ran up the rocky path to the right of his destroyed Ghost and saw two Grunts, hiding behind a boulder in the shallow pond below.

* * *

>"Harad, look, it's the Arbiter! We're saved!" Rapay joyously exclaimed.<p><p>

"Now at least we have some back up," Harad commented. "Hello, Excellency." The bold Grunt looked up at the Arbiter, and the Arbiter nodded back at him.

"How are you two holding up?" The eight foot tall Elite asked.

"We're just fine. We took out about four Brutes before you got here, but we were pinned down by those two Jackals you killed. We couldn't get a good shot off with our needlers." Harad stated.

"Yea, Harad made a good leader! He told me exactly what to do and neither of us got hurt! If you ask me, he should be promoted." Rapay added.

"That doesn't sound like a bad idea. How would you like to be my assistant, Harad?" The Arbiter asked.

"That would be a great honor, Arbiter." stated Harad.

"Alright. You wait here. A Phantom should be by sometime soon to pick you two up, but make sure that Elites come out of the Phantom, not Brutes. They might be planning some sort of trap." The Arbiter commanded. "I'm going to go on ahead. I'll take out the two Wraiths and anything else that will stand in my way. We've got to stop Tartarus from activating the sacred ring."

"Affirmative, Excellency. Rapay and I shall keep this temporary base guarded until reinforcements arrive." Harad said, with a strange draw of authority in his voice.

"I expect to see you when we are done with the sacred ring." The

Arbiter said.

* * *

>The Arbiter started off towards a set of doors when a pair of Brutes came out of them. They started to fire their weapons wildly, but the Arbiter coolly threw a plasma grenade onto the one Brute. The Brute detonated a few seconds later, and the plasma grenades that the smoldering Brute had detonated as well. The chain explosion caused both Brutes to instantaneously vaporize. The Arbiter walked through the set of doors and continued his expedition to avenge the fallen Elites and to stop Tartarus from activating Halo. <div>

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